The Home Reading Circle

THE CIRL OF THE WHITE BUTTERFLIES.

By KATE UPSON CLARK.

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Keasbey and his wife have taken a house on the Pine Hill road about two miles for the village. They have brought with them their daughter Dor-fila, who has been at a convent school in the south for several years, and does not know that her father is a professional criminal. She has many strange characteristics, one of which is the power of at-tracting and taming white butterflies, which follow her about everywhere she goes. She is noticed by young Mrs. Collis Wood, the wife of the cashler of the vil-lage bank, who induces her to attend a class of girls which meets Sundsy after-noons near Dorilla's home. Dorilla and Mrs. Wood become quite intimate, and the former often spends the afternoon at the latter's house, although her parents are not aware of it. Dorilla confesses an attachment for one "Mikey," who resides at her house. He is really one of a band of burglars who are planing with Thomas Kessley to break into the bank by boring through the floor above and the steel and cement ceiling. Keasbey wishes to obtain a plan of the rooms above the bank, and it occurs to him that he can get his and it occurs to him that he can get his daughter to visit them. He makes an excuse for her to go and draw a plan of them, and she does so. The burglars stop at Keasbey's house and work every night at the bank until an opening is made. The night of the actual robbery Dorilla overhoars the men talking and realizes for the first time what is to be some. She hears them plan to overpower done. She hears them plan to overpower Collis Wood, the husband of her friend, who is sleeping at the bank while a large sum of money is deposited there.

PART III.

When the men began to push their chairs about on the bare parlor floor, however, she rose and fled shortly into Dorilla's. her room, closing her door and locking it behind her. Then she flung herself on her bed and wept wildly, wringing her hands and asking herself what she

She heard the clock strike twelve There was a sound of doors and windows opening and shutting. Then she heard the men tramping off. Hoarse voices uttered a few words under her window. She knew that the last details of the elaborate plot were now arranged. Then there was a dead silence. The very pines seemed to wait

and listen. Once she sprang up determined to friend. She would tell Mrs. Wood of the danger that threatened her hus- "But your father band and the bank. Then they could go together and drive the men away, The next day, the hole which had been made through the ceiling could be filled up, and the Keasbeys and Mikey and the rest could vanish quietly from

Thus reasoned the child within her but the woman there laughed aloud at "It would mean the whole town awake and excited," said the wiser mentor, "It would mean wenty years in prison, perhaps, for your father and for Mikey."

As she lay upon her bed, cl to her through all her life passed like panorama before her. His old tenvices which had made her love him less | with me now!"

"It is for my sake that he is risking his life and his freedom tonight," she

It seemed as though real and sinewy hands caught her heart between them and compressed it until it ached. She could hardly breathe. She rushed to

the window for air.
"And Mikey!" she panted. "I couldn't and through. But my father isn't. Anyway, he has always been good to me. And Mikey is good. That is what old fire. "I will go and get my mother, my father meant when he said that They will take us both there—at the Mikey hadn't any nerve. Mikey said he was going to get into some sort of the convent. It will be the kindest 'regular' business. I know now what thing you can do for me. I want to he meant. He knows that I could never live there always with the sisters. You bear to have him doing things like this. He understands me. If he only gets along right tonight, he will turn over a new leaf and become an honest

man-and father, too." Then she thought of the sisters at the convent, and their peaceful, virtuous lives. If they had quarrels or troubles they had never let her know it. She imagined their dismay if they should learn that her father was a

She thought, too, of Mrs. Collis Wood. Her beautiful, innocent face seemed to rise out of the shadows and confront the girl only an arm's length away, and her eyes were brimming with reproachful tears.

"I loved you. I trusted you," the sweet mouth seemed to say, "and how have you rewarded me? I did everything in my power for you. I would have done more if you would have let me-and yet you have given over the one I loved best to robbers-perhaps to murderers. You have let thieves steal my property, and that of many other blameless people. Is this right?" On the moment, the girl heard a fluttering in the darkness. Black as it was, she could dimly discern in it the shape of the great white moth, which had come to her when she had sat with her mother on the kitchen steps. She had

never known one to fly away from her

kept it in her room and had fed it ever

since. Now it had flown away. She had

FALLING HAIR Phoney Pages, Baby Blemishes,

The superstition which had been bred in her by her sequestered life and by the singular peculiarity which marked her, awoke with a passionate ma'am ?'

'Who be you?"

"Ride up a leetle clusser and lemn

wuss. Ar' ye a married man?"

"Is your husband away?"

"Why, ma'am, I hope you are afraid of me!" I protested.

"Not the least mite, stranger, nor

"Couldn't you stow me away in the

"That's all. Even if ye was asleep

"Yes and I will ride on. I shouldn't

"That's good of you sir. I want to

"I do. Give me a light for my pipe

"Jest say that yo' stopped at the

ye might get to snorin' and Jim would

be skeered off. You kin see the fix,

want to come between you and your

show hospitality and yit I want to git another husband. See?"

and I will go on and if I meet Jim I'll

Widder Jenner's to ask th' way and that yo' wonder why forty different

men hain't crazy to marry her. That's

it-yo' know yer galt and now scoot

The Dilemma of Hi Lo Ping.

before Jim shows up!"

"Only two rooms in the house?"

"Hain't got no garret, sir."

think I kin take ye in.

"All alone?"

dent to happen.

garret?"

stranger?'

chance.

fervor. "Come back!" she cried, with shrick, which she instantly regretted, for the feared that it might have awakened her mother-but the moth had gone. She could hear its great wings beating the darkness just beyond her reach

"I must do it! It is right!" she murmured over and over again. She ran into the hall and listened at her mother's door, Mrs. Keasbey was breathing hard, and had evidently heard noth-Dorilla envied her mother the ing. power to sleep at such a time. Then the girl took off her shoes, weeping bitterly, but with unfaltering movements carrying out her determination. she crept into the shadows of the forest and stooped to refasten her shoes, something brushed the air beside her. It was a great white moth, --- felt sure that it was the one which had left her. Before she had risen, it had settled and was swaying upon the loose ringlets above her forehead.

Two hours later, she was lying, more dead than alive, upon the lace-covered bed of Mrs. Collis Wood. A servingwoman stood over her, fanning her. There was a sudden rush of garments, White and startled, much as she had seen it in her vision on the hill, the face of her young teacher looked into

"Can you bear it, Dorilla? Oh, I wonder if I ought to tell you! You must know it soon, but are you strong

enough to hear it now?" The girl nodded. All the flerceness and selfishness of her nature seemed gone. She was melted down to utter tenderness.

"My husband has been brought home. He is unconscious, but the doctor says that he will be all right before long and you have saved his life!" She could not go on for the tears which choked her.

"Well?" said Dorilla, raising herself on her elbow. Her voice showed that fly to the village and rouse up her her nerves were strained to the last

"But your father-you know there was a hand-to-hand fight between his men and ours-and he was hurt, but not seriously. He will have to, oh, my poor Dorilla! he will probably have to serve a long term in prison. And-and -nobody was shot but one-he was shot—dead—the one you called Mikey.' Dorilla fell back on the bed. She had heard now all that she wanted to

Presently she sprang up and began with quivering hands to arrange her

"You better lie still,' the servingthe counterpane, and shuddering and as if you'd oughter stand up. You'll groaning aloud, her father's kindness faint away, first you know." to her through all her life passed like "Dorilla!" cried Mrs. Collis Wood

throwing her arms around the white derness and goodness blotted out for and agitated girl, "don't think of leave a moment all his sternness and all the ing me! You are going to live always

"No," said Dorilla, with the old dark look flashing from her wild eyes, "I love you, and I always shall-but I wept. "He wants to make a lady of can't live in the world any more. Don't me."

you see? My heart is broken. I am oung, I know-and you think I can get over things-but I can't. I have tried to do right, as you told me-and it has broken my heart."

"But you are needed in the world! We need women like you-brave and give up Mikey! I don't so much unselfish, and with quica minds to mind the others. They are bad through plan and do."

"No, I can't stand it," insisted the girl, wearily, but with a trace of her convent. Just help me to get back to don't believe in masses for souls, or prayers for the dead-but don't you se I've got to? That's what I shall do now-offer them all the rest of my life --for-" she stopped, and the strained look gave way on her face, "I tell you my heart is broken."

She threw her arms around her friend, and they wept together.

When they had bound up Thomas Keasbey's wounds and led him away, was broad daylight. His head was bandaged, and he had one arm in a sling, but he could see, and his mind was perfectly clear. Ever since the first onslaught of the constables upon them he had been casting about for some explanation of the failure of the plans upon which he had expended his best thought for many months. He could

not devise any.

The cashier's house was only a few loors away from the bank. As, held between two of his captors, Thomas Keasbey shu ed along past this house, he glanced downward. There lay a great white moth, trampled and dead. He shook himself free for an instant, and with his sound arm picked up the solled, exquisite thing. Then he turned furiously to the man beside him. "It was a girl that gave us away, I

reckon, wasn't it?" The man hesitated a moment, Ther he said: "Yes."

Thomas Keasbey gave a groan. His rough face grew deadly white and he leaned piteously upon the men.

"I don't understand it," he muttered "I don't understand it." How could he see that while he had lived beside his daughter every day, and while he had been building his sordid castles for her, she had passed from his power into the power of those higher and everlasting forces which find their best field in natures like

And while he wore his prison dress and broke stone with a pick, she walked back and forth in the shaded convent garden, praying for his soul and that of her lover, or went forth or deeds of love and mercy. Her sick spirit healed and comforted, her face full of peace, Dorilla spent her life within the hining white walls of the cloister. with the white hand of the sisterhood above her forehead, and with always in the balmy air of the Southland, white butterflies flitting around her beautiful head.

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WAS TAKING NO CHANCES. Some Facts About Woman Was Willing, but Jim Was Suspicious. Our Postal Service From the Detroit Free Press, Dark had just settled over the Ozark

when the writer rode up to a shanty and dismounting, rapped on the door, A woman soon made her appearance Extracted From a Recent Lecture By Ex-Postmaster and in a harsh voice asked what was General Thomas L. James. "Can I get lodgings for the night,

"A traveler on his way to Jonesville." are the most familiar. In addition to see what sort of a lookin' critter yo' are. Might be better and might be collecting and transporting the mail matter of the country, it is the greatest express company in the world, since it has an office at every cross road, "That settles it. Stranger, I don' carrying merchandise cheaper than the The registry system provides "I'm a widder with three children, sir. It's five miles to the next shanty, cheap service and it is a great banking system of the country. Its drafts are the best and cheapest and they and it's a dark night and goin' to rain the best commercial paper. Its purty soon, but a woman has got to look out fur herself out yere" notes are gilt edged, and have never gone to protest. The post is an old institution of the world. It runs back beyond the memory of man, and be-yond the record of human history. Its any other human critter on legs! This ar' the situashun. Jim Conover his bin antiquity is shown by the reference to it in the scriptures, particularly in Chronicles. It is recorded that the sparkin' me fur three months. This is one of his nights fur comin'. He may pop and he may not, but if he finds a letters were scaled with clay, in the stranger in the house he may marry the Widder Jones. I'm a-doin' my best book of Job. Messengers were known in the first century. They were sent to git him, and I don't want no accifrom Palestine to the seats of learning

in Babylon. The office of master of the post was instituted by Henry the Eighth of England, and this gives date to the origin of postmaster. The Roman empire was probably the first to organize a postal service. The post originated from the custom of Roman couriers, when they waited for the dispatches, Coming closer home, when the Spanish conquerors invaded Peru they found the people had a system to forward dispatches. Buildings were erected less than five miles apart, at which couriers were stationed. They were dressed in peculiar ways and were selected especially for their fidelity, courage and endurance. The distance to be covered was small, and they were given ample time to rest. They went over the ground very swiftly, and messages were carried at the rate of 150 miles a day. What a vast difference between that age and the Then the government only had the right to use the service. the mail of the government is lost sight of in the vast amount of correspond-

ence of the common people.

THE PRINTERS' ART. Printing is known as the art preser vative of all arts. Another greater art preservative is that of the postoffice department. The letters of great men and women are forming a special type of literature. Were it not for printing those wise and witty letters would not endure for all time. It is also true of the postoffice that carries them safely. The letters of James Russell Lowell form one of the greatest publications of the century, and they are hardly to be surpassed. This is due in no small measure to the fidelity and efficiency of the American post-Only think of the letters of Sidney Smith, Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and the great religious leader, Philips Brooks, and realize how much worse off the people would have been if those letters had gone to the dead letter office

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SYSTEM. Mr. James then spoke of the development of the present postal system, saying it began with the proclamation of e was literally no postoffice in Great Britain then,' he said. "Merchants had their letters left at a central office or tavern and then they were conveyed by messengers. In 1692 Thomas Neal received letters patent to take charge of all the postoffices in the colonies and in 1712

his charge terminated. "The first postoffice in America was established in New York 225 years ago. In 1710 the postmaster general of Great Britain designated New York as the chief letter office in this country. But the postoffice service in those days did not begin to meet the demands of the people until that able and many-sided man, Franklin, was made postmaster at Philadelphia and later postmaster general for the colonies. He held the position for several years. He crushed in the newspaper monopolies and commenced to advertise letters remaining in the postoffice and introduced the fast mails. Instead of a mail between New York and Philadelphia once a week in summer and twice a month in winter, he improved the roads and the business principles of the postoffice department until a commission was sent over from England to inquire into Franklin's doings and audit his accounts. During the first four years the office became upwards of \$100 in debt, but afterwards the service began to be profitable. At the time of the commissioner's visit the revenue ylelding three times as much as was received by the crown from the service in Ireland.

IN THE EARLY DAYS. "On the commissioner's report to England Franklin was removed from office. One of the first acts of the continental congress was to appoint a postmaster general at a salary of \$1,000 a year and he was allowed to appoint a clerk at a salary of \$340 a year. During the revolution postal matters were lost signt of. The earnings of the New York office from 1775 to 1776 were only \$550. The entire revenue of the department was something less than \$5,000. Mr. Hazard stated to congress that he was obliged to leave the service in New York on account of the frequent removals of the army, which subjected him to great expense and fatigue. This is the first instance of a traveling postoffice in the United States, and this man became postmaster general of the colonies.

"After Washington's inauguration the organization of the postoffice department followed, and Samuel Os-good was appointed postmaster general, Mr. Osgood had no clerk. There were 75 postoffices and 1,785 miles of post routes. The revenues were \$37,-935, and the expenses \$32,140, leaving a surplus of \$5,937. At the close of the year ending Dec. 1, 1892, there were 67,567 postoffices, with 363 millions of miles traversed; the cost of service was \$42,000,000, the revenues \$61,000. 000, and there was a deficit of over

THE TWO PERIODS,

"The history of the postal service is divided into two periods; the first from 1784 to 1834, and the second from 1834 to 1884, when the railroads beportation of the mails. In 1802 the United States ran its own line of stages from New York to Philadelphia. In three years the profits were \$12,000 Through an act of congress every road became a post road in 1838. Route agents then complained that nearly every night dead bodies were placed in the mail cars, and an order was promptly issued forbidden the unwholesome intermingling of correspondence

Of all the executive departments of | and cadavers. In 1854 the rate of post the government the postoffice depart-ment is the one with which the people country would be bankrupted.

"There are several claimants for the honor of starting the railway service. It was first started between Quincy and St. Joseph, when the mails were distributed on the trains. Two years later Colonel Armstrong, of Chicago, under Montgomery Blair, arranged for the service, and became the first railway superintendent. He was succeeded by Colonel George S. Bangs, progressive reformer. Armstrong built the framework, while Bangs clothed it with flesh. He started in to improve it on business principles. He removed the sluggards and rewarded the industrious, and well might he be called the father of civil service reform. He suggested a mail train be-tween New York and Chicago in 24 hours, and he was authorized to ne gotlate with the Central-Hudson and the Lake Shore railroads, but there no appropriation, and the older Vanderbilt did not think it would be a success. W. H. Vanderbilt was favorably disposed towards the project, and by an agreement with Mr. Bangs it was stipulated that Mr. Vander bilt should build 20 of the finest and best equipped cars ever seen on this planet. The men were picked, and the service was marvelous. The train was run for ten months, and then the government took the mails from three states from these roads and gave them to other lines, and Mr. Vanderbilt and Thomas H. Scott, of the Pennsylvania road, declined to continue the service.

IN NEW YORK, "When the service was first started between New York and Washington, in 1864, Henry G. Pearson, afterward ostmaster in New York, was the clerk. From 13 hours in '64 the service has been reduced to 5 hours in 1895. Letters are transferred between New York and Chicago in 20 hours. While 25 days were necessary to carry them in 1860 to San Francisco, the time has been reduced to four days and a few hours in 1896. Judging from what has been accomplished in 30 years he would indeed be a prophet who could say what will be done in the future.

"It is a singular fact that up to and including Lincoln's administration, the postmaster generals who have written heir names on the pages of history because of their great achievement in the developments of the fast mail facilities of the United States were printers or journalists. It has sometimes seemed to me that there is a sort of mutual affinity between the professsions of journalism and post-Certainly our own history masters. suggests that. You may remembe that the most distinguished of American printers, Benjamin Franklin, was postmaster at Philadelphia, and our first postmaster general.

"In considering the great service we should not forget that the stamp in a certain form has been used for over 400 years. In Paris slips were used and marked 'Postpaid.' When stamps were first used in the United States they were of two denominations, five and ten cents. In 1851 they were replaced by the one, three and twelvecent stamps. In 1855 the ten-cent stamp was issued, and soon after a complete series from five-cent up to ninety cents." The speaker then referred to the recent stamp chain fraud of an Illinois German, and it was estimated that he had gathered in no less than 100,000,000 stamps."

WHAT FOLKS TALK ABOUT. Physician Who Has Taken Notes of the Words Most Commonly Used.

From the Cleveland Leader. A certain physician of this city who never neglects an opportunity to study the traits of the people among whom his business takes him, has been making some observations recently that may serve as a basis for estimating the character of the average modern American.

"I have to travel on street cars a good deal," the physician said in explaining his course of procedure, "and hear all kinds of people talk. A short time ago I thought I would keep a records of the words most frequently used within my hearing by people of all classes. "I omit names, profanity and vul-

garity, but otherwise this list, which represent one week's street car conversation, is absolutely correct. Here then is a summary of what married men talk about: "Dollars mentioned within my hear-

ing, 407 times; business, 295; money,

206; dollar, 194; stocks, 163; bonds, 152; 81; son, 63; daughter, 11; wife, 4; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0 "Married women: She, 409; party 6; dress, 324; splendid, 316; dollars, trimming, 187; cards, 151; prize, society, 130; baby, 129; clothes, weather, 62; rich, 60; lovely, 59; perfectly awful, 46; doctor, 48; medi-

cine, 34; music, 6; literature, 0; art, 0. "Young men, unmarried: Corken 502; dainy, 467; girl, 416; beaut, 391 fairy, 306; winner, 302; stunner, 284; hummer, 251; dance, 104; party, 87; old man, 83; fight, 79; money, dollars, 50; no-good, 42; cigarette, 31; college, 1; literature, 0; music, 0;

"Young women, unmarried: Lovely 509; just-perfectly-lovely, 491; horrid, gorgeous, 463; fellow, 409; engaged, 387; dress, 371; stunning, 352; love 295; party, 291; wear, 284; she, 206; opera, 108; ring, 31; mamma, 28; papa, 16; music, 9; mother, 1; picture, 1; poem, 1; art, 0,

"I intend," the doctor concluded, "to pursue this subject further, and may some day be able to give additional figures that will be interesting."



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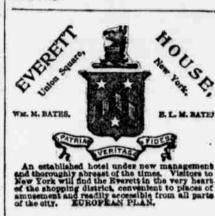
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